

THE  
HOBBY-HORSE:

A

CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRE

ON

THE TIMES.

Printed from a *Manuscript*, found among the Papers of a  
*late deceased* SATIRIST.

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*Vera redivit facies dissimulata: rit.*

PETR. ARR.

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H O B B Y - H O R S E

CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRE

OF

T H E T I M E S

Printed from a Manuscript found among the Papers of a  
late English Satirist.

Printed by

L O N D O N

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE following little *Poem*, was found among the Papers of a *late deceased* SATIRIST; and is printed just as it stood in the original copy, the Editor not chusing to make the least alteration whatever. How he came by it, he is not at liberty to declare publicly, and therefore the curiosity of the Reader cannot be satisfied. If this should meet with a favourable reception, the other part will be published, in which, what now remains behind the Curtain will be offered to public view. Some of the circumstances here mentioned are not so recent now it is imagined, as they would have been at the time this piece was intended for the Press, yet it was thought necessary to preserve them.

ADVERTISEMENT

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T H E

# HOBBY-HORSE.



A T I R E descend beneath the skies !

With whip and scourge ye *Furies* rise !

Lash those who aim at growing great,

*Pimps, Priests, and Ministers of State.*

Cease not to crush their haughty pride,

For *Place at Court, or Pension'd Bribe ;*

Tho'

Tho' *Prisons*, *Pill'ries* be your fate,  
 Push boldly on, the cause is great :  
 From *Princes*, to the *Rabble-rout*,  
 Drive, drive the HOBBY-HORSE about.

BOLDLY attack the *Manners* — *Times*,  
 Grown horrid with the worst of Crimes !

FROM that dread *Monster* set us free,  
 Known by the name of SODOMY !  
 Nature ne'er gave this *Monster* birth,  
 Nor was he born 'twixt Heav'n and Earth  
 His dark Disciples (strange to tell)  
*Satan* denies a place in HELL !  
 Shun, O ye *Fair* ! whene'er you meet,  
 The *Hydra Monster* in the Street !



Not the most vile abandon'd crew,  
Are half such enemies to you.

BANISH ye *Chiefs*, who bear command,  
This *Monster*, to some *foreign* land;  
To *France*, or *Rome*, O send him hence,  
Nor let him blast our innocence!  
To *Popish Convents* let him fly,  
Where *lazy Priests* are pamper'd high;  
Where *Virtue* from her nature falls  
Secure, within those *sacred Walls*;  
Where *Priests* are not allow'd to wed,  
But take *young Striplings* to their Bed;  
Debauch their morals, spur their lust  
To things unnat'ral, and unjust!

C

O HEAV'N!

O HEAV'N! may never come that time  
 When *Britain* sinks in ev'ry crime!  
 When *Virtue* leaves her *valiant Sons*,  
 And from their rank embraces runs.

LORD *Seaport*, impotent and old,  
 Throughout the *List of Vices* bold,  
 Debauch'd, disabled, out of spite,  
 Disowns the *Fair*, turns *Sodomite*!  
 His darling *Hobby-Horse*, a *Boy*,  
 (Design'd by Heav'n for noblest joy)  
 Becomes, when fitted to his Plan,  
 A *Monster*, Nature form'd for *Man*.

ANOTHER



# THE HOBBY-HORSE.

11

ANOTHER *Titled* wretch well known,

From ev'ry thing that's good has flown;

Most vilely treats his lovely wife,

Because her Plan's a *virtuous* life.

Ere married one short week, he fled

From *Virtue*, and the Marriage Bed.

No longer has she pow'r to please,

Her soft endearments only tease;

Variety is all his Plan,

"One Woman only for one Man?"

"No, no, it never will go down,"

She's hurried to a *Country Town*,

To end her days in pain and grief,

And give the wretch a quick relief;

While

While he, when high with lust is grown,  
Sends out and ransacks half the *Town*,  
*Porters* and *Chairmen* run about,  
To find the leudest *Strumpets* out.

SEE him with treats and money, court  
The *Wantons*, to his lustful sport;  
One vicious *Harlot's* not enough;  
He must have twenty *stript in Buff*,  
To dance and sing, blaspheme and swear,  
You'd think that *Belzebub* was there.

MARK *H\*\*\*\*\** with beauteous face,  
How fall'n from *Virtue*, and from *Grace*!  
Her *Lord* is old, and ease his Plan,  
My *Lady* tho', must have a *Man*;

She's



She's *leud*, and 'tis her only pride,  
To *Whore* with all the *Fiddling Tribe*.

THROUGHOUT the once lov'd *female Race*,  
See *Lust* drives on with *speedy pace*;  
In lawless pleasure some are wild,  
And all they fear, or dread's a *Child*;  
For *Fame* once lost, you know 'tis had——  
*Italian Eunuchs* must be had;  
And tho' they're *scarcely Men*, 'tis true,  
No danger can from them *ensue*.

SEARCH thro' the list of *Quality*,  
One virtuous mind you'll hardly see;  
Debauch'd by luxury and ease,  
They act what horrid crimes they please;

D

Leave

Leave *Virtue* and her blissful seat,  
 And fly to *Vice* in dark retreat;  
*Sons, Daughters, Mothers, Husbands, Wives,*  
 Lead damnable and hellish lives;  
 And wheresoe'er you pass the street,  
 You'll surely *Whores* and *Cuckolds* meet!  
 Their *Hobby-Horse* you see is Lust,  
 On which for Happiness they trust.

FROM *High*, to *Low*, 'tis all the same,  
 For neither heed the loss of *Fame*;  
 You'll see the wild infection run,  
 And *Beggars* be by *Vice* undone.

AMBITION, next appears in view,  
 A Vice encourag'd as if new.

*Ambition*



*Ambition* is a dangerous thing,  
 To touch the *Conscience* of a *King*;  
 And *Subjects* should renounce its sway,  
 Nor ere the *Irod-rod* obey.

SYPHAX, in *northern* climate bred,  
 Was better taught, by far, than fed.  
*Ambition* reign'd within his breast,  
*Ambition* never let him rest,  
*Ambition* led him to be great,  
 He was a *Minister* of *State*.

His *Hobby-Horse* you see was *Pride*,  
 On which he boldly dar'd to ride.  
 Among the *Pr—*—*ay* C—*we*—*mix*

K—*g*, L—*ds*, and C—*mm*—*ns* him obey'd,  
 No tyrant ere so rudely sway'd;  
 But how to reach it is the

No

No *Patriot*, for his Country's good,  
 With scheme of merit ever su'd;  
 But *Syphax* first survey'd the plan,  
 And as he lov'd, or fear'd the man,  
 Accepted, or refus'd the bill,  
 So govern'd his despotic will.  
 Not Famine, Pestilence, or War,  
 To Kingdoms so destructive are,  
 As *Pride*, or boundless thirst of *Pow'r*,  
 These seldom pass the destin'd hour.

SIMON, from pride, will be a *Tool*,  
 And join with those who have the rule;  
 Among the *Pr—vy C—nc—l* mix,  
 And ride in *Gilded Coach* and *Sin*.  
 But how to reach it is the matter,  
 Away to *Court*, there fawn and flatter,

*Cant,*



# THE HOBBY-HORSE.

35

*Cant, lie, deceive, 'tis no disgrace,*  
And will most surely gain a *Place*.

WELL ——— this obtain'd ——— will this suffice?

No, *Simon*, you must higher rise.

Mount, mount your *Hobby-Horse* and ride,

And scourge him with the *Whip* of *Pride*;

Restive a-while the Beast may run,

But fit him fast, the work is done;

Ne'er stop to think what you're about,

But dare to see the matter out:

Easy achievements are not nam'd,

'Tis hardship makes th' adventure fam'd.

WHO mounts the *Hobby-Horse* of *Pride*,

A-while secure may seem to ride;

E

But

But should he run too great a length,  
 And spur the beast beyond his strength,  
 He'll fret, and kick, grow weak and stumble,  
 Till *Horse* and *Rider* have a tumble.

POMPOUS, denies the *Holy Word*,  
 Of *Jesus*, his most sov'reign *Lord*;  
 And tho' he not one word believes  
 Of *Scripture*, yet he wears *lawn Sleeves*;  
 His *Hobby-Horse* you plainly see,  
 Could nothing but a *Mitre* be.  
 Cease *Annet*, cease to write again,  
 You speak of *Holy Writ* too plain;  
 But if you ever hope to rise,  
 Praise *Priestcraft*, *Ignorance* and *Lies*;  
 Do this if you intend to climb,  
 You may a *Bishop* be in time.

STAGE



STAGE *Managers*, by *Art* grow great,  
 And aim at Power, and at State;  
 Build *Country Seats*, and *Palaces*,  
 And treat the *Public* as *they please*.  
 To narrow views confine the *Town*,  
 And act no *Pieces* but *their own*;  
 By force monopolize the *Stage*,  
 And fling a *kind*, and *gen'rous Age*;  
 To *Av'rice* prone, and *Pride* in view,  
 They *manage*, *act*, and *scribble* too.

L——P, whom vice and age should tame,  
 Has still a *lawless* thirst to *Game*;  
*Perjur'd* and punish'd by the Law,  
 He seeks with gold to find a flaw;  
 Lawyers, and Council, round him ply,  
 Eager to suck the Madman dry;

While

While *all* agree to fleece the man,  
Of as much money as they can ;  
This done, they'll leave him to repent,  
With Pill'ries, or Imprisonment.

CROTCHET, a *Doctor*, deeply read  
In *Musick*, took it in his head,  
To scribble *Op'ras* for the *Stage*,  
And touch the passions of the Age ;  
But, O mischance ! the audience fit,  
And find nor reason, sense, nor wit ;  
Groans, hisses, cat-calls, squeak about,  
The House is one distracted rout ;  
The *Doctor* stares, and damns the *Town*,  
And vows his *Op'ra* shall go down ;  
The *Town* declare there's nothing in't,  
He vindicates his cause in print ;

Calls



Calls ev'ry judge, and *Critic* As,  
That will not let his nonsense pass,  
While *Fidlers* tremble with concern,  
Because 'twas wrote by *Doctor A—e*.

HEAR *Whitefield* talk of inspiration,  
And spread his madness thro' the nation!  
Hypocrisy and wild grimace,  
Are *outward* signs, of *inward* Grace;  
While *plain Religion's* out of season,  
And *Zeal* has got the start of *Reason*.  
So *Bawds* put on a face devout,  
To bring their base designs about;  
Quote texts of Scripture to betray,  
The virt'ous Female, young and gay.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD the *Sovereign Lords the Mob*,  
 They're always ready for a Job;  
 And marshal out in ev'ry street,  
 For any sport or mischief fit;  
 While *Bucks* and *Bullies* run about,  
 As *Captains* of the *Rabble Rout*;  
 Acting as Gen'als of the day,  
*Commission'd* by a loud *Huzza*;  
 And are as wise in *State Affairs*,  
 As *City Aldermen* and *Mayors*.  
 When *Liberty* they loudly cry,  
 Some *hidden Danger's* always nigh;  
 So *Rebels* do for *Peace* declare,  
 When bent to raise a *Civil War*.

Now foaming authors of *renown*;  
 Spread *wild sedition* thro' the Town!

But



But were they in their *Country's* cause,  
They'd *cherish*, not *subvert* the Laws.  
Curse on each venal, factious knave,  
Each hireling tool, and rebel slave,  
Who snarls at what he cannot mend,  
And has not sense to comprehend.

To *Royal George* let *Britons* sing,  
Our kind *Protector*, *Friend*, and *King* ;  
For *Britain's* happiness is grown,  
The *Envy* of each *foreign* crown.

BUT hold — I travel on too fast,  
And drive my *Horse* with too much haste ;  
Poor *Hobby* has but little strength,  
And may be run too great a length ;

To

To say too much may be a crime,  
 I'll tell you more another time;  
 'Tis but the Preface I have plann'd,  
 To what I mean to take in hand;  
 But should you find there's nothing in't,  
 I never more will rhyme or print;  
 This vain attempt may prove my loss,  
 And bring the Bard to *Chairing-Cross*,  
 To mount the *Hobby Horse* of *State*,  
 And meet *Shebbeare's* and *Annet's* fate.

But hold — I travel on too fast —  
 F I N I S.